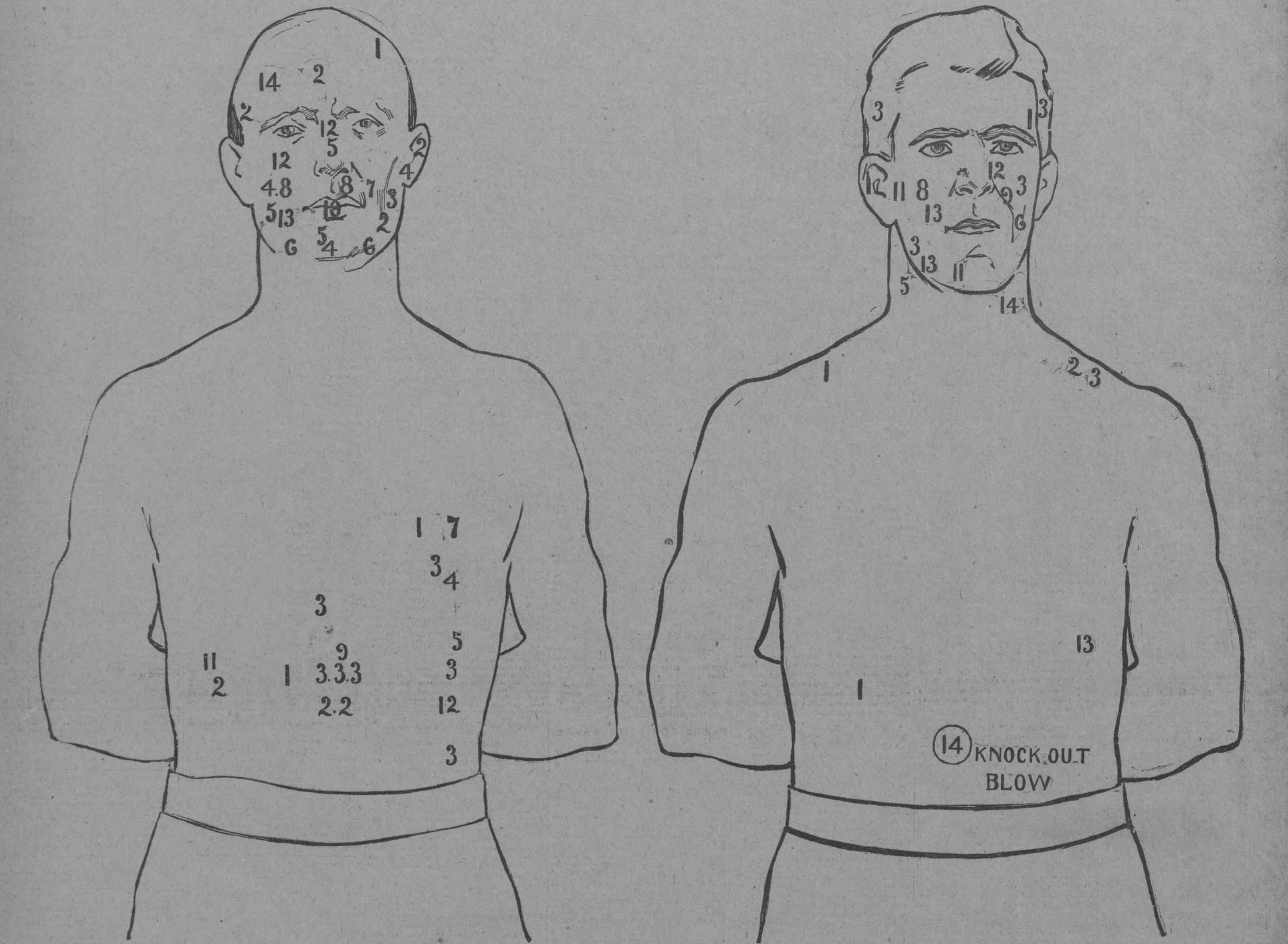


# A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE PRINCIPAL BLOWS OF THE FIGHT.

Each blow is represented by a figure (1, 2, 3, etc.), which indicates the number of the round in which the blow was delivered. The figures are placed as nearly as possible over the spots on which the blows were received.



## FIGHT VIEWED BY JOURNAL'S AID.

Lightning-like Bulletins Displayed at Four Places.

PARK ROW CHOKED UP.

Enormous Crowds of Journal Readers at Union and Madison Squares and in Harlem.

FIRST TO GIVE THE RESULT

To the Multitudes Who Followed the News as Shown on These Boards It Was Almost Like Being at the Ring Side.

As many people saw the plainly lettered bulletins of "fight news" that were displayed in front of the main office of the Journal yesterday afternoon as could be packed in the open space between the office and City Hall Park and still permit the cars to run. As it was, the lane for the cars was exceedingly, even dangerously narrow.

In addition to this enormous crowd, Mall street, back of the Post Office, and the broad plaza in front of the City Hall were densely filled. Hall stones could not have reached the ground had they been descending, but must perforce have melted on heads and shoulders. It was an enthusiastic crowd, apparently about evenly divided between Fitzsimmons and Corbett adherents, and it fully appreciated the splendid news service which was freely bestowed for its benefit by the Journal.

Between the announcement that the men had entered the ring and the actual calling of time, information of what was going on in the arena was bulletined, and Artist Leharde kept the multitude laughing with

chalk cartoons. When the call of time finally came over the wire, which, by the way, was direct from the ring side to a table eight feet from the bulletin boards, two rapid writers took their places and made the chalk fly till the last word was in.

There was no vaudeville performance about it. News, red hot and absolutely accurate, was placed in big white letters before 50,000 people (so the police estimate) just as it occurred. It was as if the fight were taking place in a room ten feet from the bulletin boards and an observer were dictating what was being written.

And when the critical moment in the fight came, when the fifty thousand spectators in front of the Journal office were holding their breath in expectation of final news, the Journal flashed the words "Fitz wins" exactly ninety seconds ahead of any other newspaper.

In the crowd that watched the bulletins were men apparently of every craft. Bankers touched elbows with Park row waiters still wearing their aprons. Young Americans strained their necks to see over the shoulders of the older men. There were one hundred and fifty policemen, under command of Acting Inspector O'Keefe, on hand to maintain order, but they had nothing to do except to keep the way open for the cable and horse cars.

**The Bulletins at Union Square.** It was a Fitzsimmons crowd of at least 8,000 persons in front of the Journal's bulletin boards at the Morton House, at Fourteenth street and Broadway. That was made clear when the announcement, "Fitz wins in fourteen rounds," was chalked up on the big blackboard in letters that could be read by persons standing or sitting in the middle of the park. George Francis Train could have read every word of every bulletin had he been seated on his favorite bench.

In front of him he would have found a great, surging tide of people, in which were many women, eager to catch the first glimpse of the Journal's special bulletins from the arena, and loudly applauding the pictorial work of "Verno, the Lightning Raphael." So eager were the people to see all that was to be seen that traffic was impeded, horse cars stalled and trucks unable to worm their way through the throng.

"Corbett draws first blood," said the bulletin from the ringside in Carson City. The announcement evoked a ripple of applause that extended from the Morton House to Fourth avenue and back to Broadway and over to the Park, showing what an ap-

pete for setians the public had. But when "Fitz wins" was chalked down, there was a mighty roar. No wave of sound like it had been heard in an assemblage of such proportions since the night of the last Presidential election.

Women elbowing men in their anxiety to obtain a nearer view of the bulletin board. In the excitement the perils of Dead Man's Curve were forgotten and the guards stationed at that point had more trouble than usual in preventing people from being run down. Fortunately no accidents occurred.

In the Journal's special news bureau telegrams fluttered like snowflakes and the corps of men engaged for the purpose was kept mightily busy.

**Bulletins at Twenty-third Street.** It was 10 to 6 for Corbett among the dense crowds that swarmed about the Bartholdi Hotel at 1 o'clock for the better in the throng knew that the Journal's news was trustworthy and correct. In the first, second, third, fourth and fifth rounds the Journal's bulletins showed how Corbett had rushed the fight, how he had crowded Fitz with blows, how he had covered that man's broad chest and features with blood, and how Fitz had staggered under the heavy punishment. "Ten to 2½ on Corbett!" yelled an enthusiast, but there was scarcely a response. Cable cars clanged for passage and policemen struggled almost in vain to keep the crowds back from the tracks.

When the news began to favor Fitzsimmons, Proprietor Roblee, of the Bartholdi, who had \$2,000 at stake on Fitz, and Fred Charlton, Lieutenant Frank, of Dakota; J. W. Oliver, George Thurber, Colonel C. D. Fish and "Plunger" Walton began to look happy, while Sam Fitzpatrick, Billy Edwards and many others who had gathered in the throng grew serious. When Fitz was declared the winner by the bulletins in the fourteenth round a cheer went up from the throng that could be heard to Sixth avenue. The Journal was ahead of the tape tickers fifteen minutes.

**Giving the News to Harlem.** Fully 5,000 Harlemites enjoyed the news of the fight as told by the bulletin board in front of the Journal's Harlem office, at 150 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street. The fight was told fully and

in detail from the opening of the first round to the knockout in the fourteenth.

The crowd began to gather on the sunny side of the street at noon, and it steadily increased, until, when the fight began, the block between Third and Lexington avenues was almost impassable. Cable cars had to feel their way through the crowd in the most careful manner. There were many women in the throng whose eyes were riveted upon the bulletin board.

**AFTER THE BATTLE.** Corbett Wept and Was Eager to Continue. Money Posted for Another Contest.

Carson, Nev., March 17.—As Fitzsimmons was the first to reach the arena, so also was he first to leave. But his reception on his arrival and that on his departure were very different. The crowd quickly made a lane for the triumphant champion and his smiling wife, and cheered them loud and long. Bob lifted his cap in acknowledgment of the applause, and Mrs. Fitzsimmons shifted the reins from her right hand to her left, and waved a handkerchief.

Thirty minutes later Fitzsimmons sat down to his dinner at Cook's ranch as though nothing had happened. A swollen lip and a red nose were all the marks of a fight which could be observed about his face.

**Corbett Almost Hysterical.** Corbett was a pitiful sight. He cried like a baby and raved like a wild man.

"Oh, it's all right, boys," he sobbed. "I ain't kicking, but to think that I was licked with one punch by a car who was afraid to stand up before me when he came into the ring. I had him going, boys, you know that. Look, there isn't a mark on me. He knocked out one of my teeth in the thirteenth round. Wasn't I fresh? He missed that left lead time and again, before he got it in. I never thought it would reach me, but it did, and I was put out fair and square."

Jim was fondled by his friends and conveyed into his dressing room. Before the platform was cleared W. A. Brady addressed the crowd, saying that he would back Corbett against Fitzsimmons any time or at any place for \$20,000; that he would post \$2,500 in gold, which he has on deposit in the Bullion Bank of Carson, as a forfeit, and that he would sell his property in Brooklyn and Asbury Park and deposit the remaining \$17,500 within ten days.

Brady's afternoon he made good his boast as to the deposit in the bank.

In an interview Brady said: "Corbett says that he has been whipped fairly and squarely. He was licked on the level, but he does not admit that Fitzsimmons is the better man. We gave him his chance, but want him to give us ours, I

can control Corbett before he commences to dissipate now, and we have our good money that says he can lick Fitzsimmons."

Brady was keenly out and almost hysterical in his manner. His voice was broken and husky, but he passed out the above statement determinedly and bitterly.

**WHAT THE VETERANS SAY.** They Call It the Gamest Fight in Thirty Years.

Carson, March 17.—In the opinion of veteran sports who have seen most of the big battles of the last three decades, to-day's contest discounted anything they had ever seen before while it lasted. There was hardly a slow moment, they say, from the time the gong sounded at 12:08 p. m. until the fatal blow was delivered.

As the old sports expected, Corbett completely outpointed the Australian in cleverness, and the left jabs with which Jim won his great championship battle were almost as much in evidence to-day as they were at New Orleans. But, in the arena here, as they show, these leads did not land on a man broken down by dissipation and past his prime. They had no steam behind them to-day, and, try as he might, Jim could not get in his right to the vulnerable point of Bob's jaw.

**GLORI IN MOURNING.** Fitzsimmons' Former Manager Compelled by a Wager to Drap His Saloon in Black.

The excitement in Newark yesterday over the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight—owing to the fact that Newark was Fitzsimmons' former home—was intense. In Market street the crowd began to gather as early as 8 a. m. to watch the bulletins. By the time the men entered the ring nearly 10,000 persons were wedged solidly across the street. The reserve force from the four precincts of the city had their hands full trying to hold the crowd in check. The cheering was divided as the rounds of the fight for the heavyweight championship were announced, but when a bulletin announced Fitz the winner a shout arose that must have been heard a mile. Ad-

mirers of the winner threw their hats in the air, embraced each other and danced around like lunatics.

Probably the gloomiest place in Newark after the result became known was ex-Police Captain Glor's cafe at No. 18 Academy street. Glor was formerly Fitzsimmons' manager, but has had no love for him since they separated, a few years ago.

So confident was Glor that Corbett would win he bet a large amount of money on him, and, in addition, made a wager by which, if Fitzsimmons won, he was forced to drape his place in mourning, close the front doors and do business only through the side door. Last night a heavy black pall covered the entire front of the place. On the front was a placard reading:

THIS PLACE IS CLOSED.  
ENTRANCE SIDE DOOR.

**JUDGE WAS INTERESTED.** Although, of Course, He Made No Bets, Justice Fitzsimmons, of the City Court, Smiled at Fitz's Victory.

Justice Fitzsimmons, who presided in Part II. of the City Court yesterday, took the liveliest kind of interest in the progress of the battle at Carson. The Judge, of course, had no bets on the result, but he selected his namesake to win. The Justice has but one "m" in his name, while the champion has two, but both are pronounced alike.

Several times during the afternoon he walked to the window and watched the bulletins. On returning to the bench he was kept supplied with the latest information by Lawyer Charles Stockler, who watched the bulletins from the courtroom window.

When the news was whispered to him that his namesake had won the fight he smiled, and when the cheering in City Hall Park subsided, and after charging the jury in a suit for damages, he engaged in an animated conversation with his clerk on the details of the battle.

**JACKSON NOW AFTER FITZ.**

Colored Heavyweight Thinks He Is the Logical Challenger, and Is Eager to Arrange a Match.

London, March 17.—Peter Jackson, the colored heavyweight pugilist, in an interview to-day, said with reference to the fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons: "Mitchell's challenge to the winner need not be seriously considered, as both Mitchell and Sullivan are dead ones in the matter of fighting for the heavyweight championship. Being the case, I am the only man who can challenge the winner, which I would do if a match could be arranged by the National Sporting Club, in whose hands I have left all my arrangements for matches."

"I am willing to fight at Carson City, and would be glad to settle our differences with Corbett (meaning his own and those of the National Sporting Club), which I am quite fit to do, as the question of age is a very slight matter. A match could much more easily be arranged with Fitzsimmons than with Corbett, but the National Sporting Club would naturally want the fight to take place in London."

**WALL STREET LIKED IT.**

Telegraphic News from the Scene of the Prize Fight Engrossed Brokers' Attention.

Wall Street was greatly interested in the fight. During its progress telegraphic bulletins were read in the various brokers' offices to the customers, who divided their attention between the quotation boards and the bulletins. Few of the brokers left the Street at the close of business until the decision was known.

Many of the firms having private wires to Chicago utilized these wires, and received direct communications via that city. Others made connections through the Press association. Old men and young hung over the tickers and the telegraph wires to hear the news. Among these anxious ones were men who condemned prize fighting most unsparingly, but wanted the news when it was fresh, just the same.

Betting on the Stock Exchange yesterday morning opened at odds of 5 to 3 in favor of Corbett. Later the odds changed to 10 to 7½, in favor of Corbett. E. B. Talcott, who placed \$5,000 at odds of 5 to 4, on Corbett, previous to Wednesday, placed considerable additional money yesterday in the same way.

Among those who favored Fitzsimmons were "Dick" Halstead, "Benny" R. Williams, and De Galarza. They took all the Corbett money offered at odds of from 5 to 3 to 10 to 7½.

**BET A HORSE ON THE FIGHT.** More Interest in the "Mill" Than in the Races at the Iron Hill Track.

Philadelphia, March 17.—The result of the big fight was of more interest to the crowds that journeyed to the Iron Hill race track to-day than were the races carded for decision there. When the news that Fitzsimmons had won was received the ring was practically deserted, the bettors might listen to the bulletins that were being read aloud by Tom Fallace, who held forth on a chair in front of the grand stand. Considerable money changed hands over the result. The heaviest winner was Jockey Ellis. In addition to the money he bet he wagered his colt Sedgwick against the horse Bonda that Fitzsimmons would win. P. McDermott taking the losing end of the bet. A lot of bets were made, with Corbett always the favorite. After the fifth round 2 to 1 was offered, with no takers.